

ALLEN'S DISGRACE.
The downfall of EREN S. ALLEN, until yesterday the trusted President of the Forty-second Street Railway, is a lamentable event. He was no mushroom financier, who dived upon the community with meteoric brilliancy, but a man who had won his way from the lowest to the highest rung of the ladder in the corporation with which he was identified. It is sad to think that after so honorable a career he should be tempted to do criminal acts and yield to the temptation.

A remarkable feature in this case is that ALLEN had just returned from Europe when he was arrested for his forgeries. He must have known that detection in his crimes was sure to overtake him soon, and yet when he had an opportunity to at least make an effort to escape the clutches of the law he deliberately returned to this country, where the prison door was yawning for him.

A SOUND DECISION.
The Police Commissioners have refused to grant a pension to the widow of the late Capt. CHARLES McDONNELL, upon the ground that she is possessed of sufficient real and personal property to support herself comfortably. This decision was eminently just and based upon solid reasoning.

The pension fund for invalid policemen or their surviving dependents was created to provide a means of subsistence for those who would otherwise be without means of support. It is intended as an incentive to a heroic discharge of duty, no matter how perilous the surroundings, by police officers, who are thereby assured that if death or permanent injury befall them provision is made for the maintenance of their families if not possessed of means to that end.

Those who are not in need should not expect or desire to share in the distribution of such a fund.

WHY WE SMILE.
That portion of New York's inhabitants that takes an interest in baseball, and a big portion it is too, indulges in a broad smile of satisfaction, caused by the winning from the Chicago aggregation, under command of the irrepressible ANSON, of three straight games by our own Giants. It is a result far better than was hoped for, therefore the more gratifying.

The aforeaid smile is accompanied by a well-defined giggle, because, while ANSON's Babes were being so beautifully trounced, the Boston Beaneaters were simultaneously biting the dust at the instance of the Hoosiers, whose habitation is at Indianapolis.

Thereby the pennant was brought more conspicuously to the front, where the Giants can hover about it, and by attending strictly to business, seize it.

Ye-Giants, cause us to smile some more!

THEY HAVE MADE AMERICA.
Of all the weak and foolish arguments advanced by those who, for selfish purposes, oppose the holding of the World's Fair in New York, the weakest and most foolish one is that there are so many foreigners here as to rob the city of its Americanism. Publish! After the magnificent demonstration made by our foreign-born citizens at the recent Centennial, such talk as that is too ridiculous to emanate outside an institution for the feeble-minded.

True, New York numbers among its inhabitants those who have come from all countries, and to the energy, patriotism and thrift of our naturalized citizens much of the commercial, financial and manufacturing pre-eminence of the city is due.

And what would there be to celebrate in 1892 were it not for the coming to our shores of foreigners?

LITTLE PATIENTS.

Many of Them for the Free Doctors to Care For.

But the Corps is Enlarged and the Work Progresses.

Nell Nelson Pays Another Visit to the Brooklyn Babies.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD.....	\$100.00
Already acknowledged.....	\$727.47
Baby Jerome.....	1.00
A Mother.....	1.00
Broadway Theatre Employees.....	13.20
G. B. Kins.....	25
Lafayette Avenue Fair.....	3.85
Mrs. Cohen.....	2.00
Little Blanche.....	1.00
Four Harlem Girls.....	1.00
W. E. Stanton.....	25
P. E. Elliott.....	0.50
Carl.....	1.00
L. E. Elliott.....	2.39
Franklin House Collection.....	13.25
Mr. H. N. M.....	2.00
A. B. Sallow.....	1.00
Third Avenue Grocery.....	2.00
Mr. H. N. M.....	2.00
Mr. Stevens.....	1.00
Mr. J. B. B.....	1.00
Greenville Spirit.....	2.50

All the Way From Mississippi.

In last week's *Spirit* was an appeal for the Sick Babies Fund, and the enclosed amount is the result: Eunice Stockwell, \$1; Mac Stockwell, \$1; Well-wisher, 50 cents.

GREENVILLE (MISS.) "SPIRIT."

From Harlem Misses.

Four little girls of Harlem send their contribution, \$1, to the Sick Babies' Fund.

EMILY HUBBELL,
LEAH WIENER,
JENNIE DAVIS,
LILLIE MACCARE.

A Wife's Collection.

Please find enclosed \$2 to help you in your noble work. Twenty-five cents is sent by Mr. Noble work. Twenty-five cents is sent by Mr. Noble work. Twenty-five cents is sent by Mr. Noble work.

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JAEGER IS AN HONEST MAN.

A LETTER-CARRIER RETURNS A FORTUNE WHICH HE FOUND.

Gustave Jaeger, an extra letter-carrier, was warmly commended to-day for his honesty in giving up ten \$1,000 shares of the Iron Mountain Car Trust Company, which he found last night on the sidewalk in front of 177 Broadway.

Mr. Jaeger, of the law firm of Sprague & Dillon, attorneys for Jay Gould, notified Inspector Byrne of the loss of the stocks at once, and the great thief-hunter's best men were sent out to trace them, but Jaeger got them first.

Nine shares of the stock are owned by Townsend, Whelan & Co., and the tenth by Wilder. The stock was returned to them this morning.

MR. KERR'S MORNING CALL.

HE DROPS IN ON "THE EVENING WORLD" AFTER HIS ESCAPE.

His Version of His Entrance and Departure From the Middletown Insane Asylum. A Goodness of Much Interest Tells a Remarkable Story—His Wife Wasn't Glad to See Him, He Says, So He Came Here.

Mr. James Kerr wishes to see Mr. Editor

In relation to my escape

from a lunatic asylum.

This *EVENING WORLD* blank filled in with handwriting in the words italicized was rather a startling card to have sent up for a morning call. But the gentleman who had broken loose from the insane asylum was invited up. It is a sufficiently well-known fact that not all the inmates of an insane asylum are lunatics.

Mr. Kerr entered with quite a rational air and took a seat. He is a tall man, forty-one years old, of rather spare frame, with a somewhat old face and stubbly growth of black beard. His eyes were brilliant and clear though slightly roving. He wore a straw hat, a light brown flannel shirt and a pair of dark trousers. He had no coat.

"I've been railroaded into an insane asylum, I thought I was going to get an insane asylum. I drink, I admit, but I am a ruined man and haven't a cent to my back. I pawned it. I was on a little spree yesterday and don't know how straight a story I can tell."

"This frankness on Mr. Kerr's part certainly looked like a candid candor, and though reflecting on his character for temperance was calculated to enhance his claim to veracity."

"All my folks are rich except me," Mr. Kerr went on. "I've got a rich brother in Toledo, and when I wrote to him to help he read me a long lesson on religion. My wife is on religion, and so are the people backing her. I went into the church down there to see the old fellow that is advising her to go up and drink a wine cup of damnation. He glowered at me when he came down."

"I broke my kneecap out West. I've been married seventeen years. My wife did something I didn't like five years ago, and I got mad, went on a spree and then headed West. I've been out there ever since till two months ago, when I came back to see my father. He didn't like me a cent, but he left something to my wife."

"I wanted her to make up for the children's sake. I've got two little girls, Bessie and Annie. They are fifteen and thirteen years old."

"Well, she wouldn't. She said she couldn't trust me. Then there was talk about my going to an insane asylum in Washington, and my brother volunteered to pay the bill."

"First thing I know, Policeman George Wilcox, of Bridgeport, came after me with a warrant signed for my commitment to the Connecticut Hospital for the Insane at Middletown."

"What does this mean? You ain't no more insane than I am," said Wilcox. "But my wife and Dr. Robert Lander, 192 Fairfield avenue, Bridgeport, had taken an interest in me, and they had a lot of money. Mr. Morris Beardsley rushed me in without my ever seeing him in my life."

"They told me when I got there I oughtn't to be in an insane asylum and could get out any time on a personal application. I'm an old newspaper man, and thought since I was there, and could get out when I liked, I'd stay awhile and see what people there that are no more insane than you are."

"Then I asked to get out and they let me go on the spot."

"Now it strikes me as funny that a man's wife and a doctor can go and swear a man's insane, and thereupon he's run into a lunatic asylum before he can say boo. Ain't it? Suppose there are a lot of people there that are no more insane than you are."

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GOT HIS LOSINGS.

Baron de Pardonnet's Claim on Daly's Baccarat Game Settled.

And Now the Baron Won't Make His Threatened Disclosures.

Lawyers Met at the Pennsylvania Club-House and the \$3,700 Was Returned.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

LONG BEACH, N. J., Aug. 8.—Baron George de Pardonnet did not assist at the meeting of the Town Council last night, nor have the Commissioners a word to say about gambling at Phil Daly's Pennsylvania Club House.

The impression that the doughty Baron had weakened, and added one more to the list of those who squeal and then run a hole, was the first idea of many people.

This was a mistaken idea. But your correspondent learned to-day that it was Marks & Jolly who weakened, and that the Baron has carried the day in every respect.

The proprietors of the Pennsylvania Club-House offered the Baron \$1,000 if he would quit and make no more unpleasant talk about the Club methods with baccarat.

Mr. de Pardonnet, with the lofty address of a nobleman, which he has taken from the start, informed them that he did not need money, that he was seeking justice in this matter, and nothing but his full pound of flesh would do it. He has been offered \$3,700 or thereabouts at their hands. That, then, was his bid, and he would stand on that and not budge a sou.

Baron de Pardonnet has had the satisfaction of showing that the fabled lamb, at least the fabled Gallic lamb, will turn and, as in this case, will be a fair game to the gamblers and the gamblers' friends.

The lawyers who represented the opposing parties met at the Pennsylvania Club, and the solution of the difficulty was the one so emphatically insisted on by the Baron of meeting his demands in full.

The only thing to be regretted in this charming adjustment is that the crookedness which Baron George says he detected in "cheating" was due to a mistake on the part of the Pennsylvania Club at the time when he was worked there, and would remain untold. He had promised to set forth before the Town Commissioners the details of the case.

Now that the matter is settled the Baron is as silent as a clam, and the Club proprietors deny that any compromise has been effected. The doughty Baron has taken his full pound of flesh, and he has taken it in a most honorable manner.

Of course this disgorging of the money to Baron de Pardonnet by Messrs. Marks & Jolly is not necessarily an admission that the Baron is a crooked gambler. They may have calculated the expenses of litigation and the harm to the house that further discussion of the point by the press would produce, and have concluded that the long run, was to give the Baron what he held out for.

Yet the precedent is a dangerous one. What is to prevent any young blood who has bought an aching sense of what an expensive diversion baccarat is from declaring that he has been done and claiming restitution of the pot?

When a swell like Mr. de Pardonnet humps himself to the extent of jacking Consular assistance to redress his gambling misadventure, little high rollers who try to beat at less social avocations need not shrink from a small dose of publicity in regard to their gambling propensities and consequent misdeeds.

Anyhow, the Baron got there.

Peter Jackson, the Australian colored pugilist, arrived in Hoboken this morning at 9:30 o'clock, on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad.

He was accompanied by his manager, "Parson" Davies, of Chicago, and W. W. Naughton, a newspaper correspondent from Sydney, Australia.

DONT!

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